What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of *Herford*, boy?
H. Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H. P. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhall ripen and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſart.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what ſturre
Keepes good old Yorke therewith his men of Warre?
H. P. There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimation.
Nor. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with ſpurring, fierie red with haſt.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traitour: all my treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
Roſſe. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.
Wil. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere?
Nor. It is my Lord of Barkeley, as I gueſſe.
Barck. My Lord of *Herford*, my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,

And

And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not my Lord, t'is not my meaning
To race one title of your honour out:
To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on,
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our natiue peace with ſelfe-borne Armes?
Bul. I ſhall not need ttanſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in perſon: My noble Vnckle!
Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duety is deceiueable and falſe.
Bul. My gracious Vnckle!
Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor Vnckle me no
I am no traitours Vnckle; and that word Grace (Vnckle,
In an vngracions mouth, is but prophane:
Why haue thoſe baniſht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch a duſt of *Englands* ground?
But more then why? Why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull boſome,
Fryting her pale-facde Villages with Warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Comſt thou becauſe th'annoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall boſome lies his power:
Were I but now Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy ſelfe,
Reſcued the Blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,
From foorth the rancks of many thouſands French,
O then how quickly ſhould this arme of mine,
Now priſoner to the Paulſey, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!
Bul. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?
Yorke. Euen in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſht man, and heere art come,

Before